



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 12.

SELECT TALES.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Spirit of the Potomac.

[Concluded.]

'The papers were examined very carefully, and replaced in. Those which belonged to Cyril were returned to the trunk, but those claimed by Silvano, laid by themselves. This being done, Silvano kissed the memorable watch, and opening the drawer of his writing desk, carefully deposited the trinket. All these arrangements passed in dead silence; but being completed, Silvano, with a true Navarese expression of countenance, waved his hand to the door, observing, 'Good day, Don Cyril; I hope to-morrow's wind may be favorable for an outward bound vessel.'

'Don Cyril found the street with, no doubt, about the same kind of feelings which agitate the breast of a reprieved criminal when descending the scaffold; and next day was flying before the wind down the Delaware.

'The whole of these transactions passed rapidly, and were so strange in themselves that they left me in a kind of stupid amazement; from which, however, I was soon relieved by Silvano, who calling me from the shop into the boudoir, addressed me thus: 'George, thou more than son, thou seest before thee a different person from poor Silvano, the watch-maker. In my youth I had an early turn for cutting and polishing gems and for studying and practising the finer kinds of mechanism. My father who would much rather have seen me handle a sword, humored his only son nevertheless; and a superior workman, brought from France, was my teacher, and I advanced in the knowledge of an art that, in the hour of severe misfortune, has kept me from beggary or starving.

'Though bred in a society where the utmost excess of aristocratic pride formed the base of all moral sentiment, my artist master saved me from such influence. Before I had passed childhood, I found it impossible not to contrast the ignorance and mock gravity of the company at my father's table, with the levity, but extensive information and sound

sense, of my teacher in the mechanism of man as well as time keepers. Arrived at manhood, my father, at my earnest request obtained for me an appointment to Venezuela little dreaming that he was sending a confirmed republican to America. My father did not long survive my removal from Navarre; and at his death his estate fell to me, was sold, and my immense property transferred to the west.—When the revolution in Venezuela took place and burst into action, I was amongst the few native Spaniards who joined the republican cause. Yet, though truly devoted to the cause I had espoused, I found myself and other native Spaniards who had taken the same side, involved in a network of suspicion. We gained the unqualified hatred of the royalists, and were constantly mistrusted and of course insulted by those we served. How can I command sufficient calmness to recount the ills I have suffered! I cannot—and may therefore in few words pass them over. The sister of that wretch I gained, and by his means lost*****

'My reputation was poisoned by the same agency in the minds of the Colombian Generals. Disgusted, I retired from service; but the demon was still active; proscription followed me into retirement; my castle was surprised, and from which I escaped by the fidelity of a slave. My property was sequestered—you know the rest.

'His bosom heaved, and the first and last tears I ever saw him shed traced his furrowed cheeks; but his emotion passed, and fortitude returned in a few moments; when springing to his feet with the agility of youth, he energetically continued—'I now return to Colombia; my character, if not my property, shall be restored, and my George shall go with me.'

'In every step of my life and motion of my inmost thought, Juliana was my guiding star; and now roused by the enthusiasm, and warmed by gratitude to my benefactor, my tutelary genius rose in heroic majesty and exclaimed, 'Go.' In the tumult of new scenes I was whirled forward, and in as few days as our little affairs could be arranged

and means of transportation found, we were on our way to Colombia. Our destination was Carthagena; but first a violent gale, and secondly a Spanish frigate, compelled us to make Porto Cavallo. Thus forced from our original destination, we prepared to proceed to Caraccas.

'When leaving the city of New-York, in a Colombian vessel, our family was composed of Silvano, myself, and a very interesting and very young man, who had volunteered in the Colombian cause. This young man called at our lodgings, avowed his intention, took passage with us, and on the voyage gained the fullest confidence of Silvano and myself. Our remonstrances on the dangers before him were met by McCauley with such decided contempt for all danger, that we left him to follow his bent, and the study of the Spanish language. In the latter we gave willing aid, and beguiled in that agreeable employment a tedious period consumed in the voyage.

'Leaving Porto Cavallo, we had hardly left the environs of the city when we were attacked and dispersed by a body of royalist calvary. Myself and McCauley succeeded with a few native soldiers, in affecting our escape towards Valencia, but we lost sight of my benefactor, Silvano. My knowledge of the Spanish language now did me true service and with my devoted friend I reached the headquarters of Bolivar. With the private or political character of that General we are here unconcerned. As a soldier, I found him open, kind and brave. Though driven by imperative circumstances into the Colombian army, we entered it willingly; and in four years I had risen to a captaincy of cavalry—as high as in my opinion any foreigner ought to have accepted. In every fortune McCauley was my friend and companion.

'While with Silvano in Philadelphia, and secluded as we were, a part of our amusements were to practice with the small and backsword, at both of which Silvano was very expert. Unused as we were to horses, with full determination to become adequate to the service, and with such teachers as the Colombians, both myself and McCauley were

soon able horsemen, and were two of seventy, who, I much doubt, whether any service ever possessed an equal or superior body of cavalry, whether in column or individual encounter.

'We literally lived on horseback, or slept with our bridles in hand. Our swords and stirrups had no time for rust. Both parties were on the alert—more, I am afraid from feelings of revenge than from sentiments of patriotism. The war was desultory and bloody, and of a nature to cool the fervor of military ardor in breasts the most gallant and devoted. There were few of those heart-exciting events which give eclat to military operations. In the fourth year of our service, we were lying between the cities of Caraccas and Valencia. Such had been the troubled state of all Colombia that during four years I had not yet obtained a direct communication with Silvano, although I had made every attempt to effect the purpose. More than two years elapsed before I learned that the old man had escaped the attack near Porto Cavallo. Of him I spoke frequently with different Colombian officers, and learned that he had regained his estate, but remained under inspection. This treatment, which I knew was so very unjust, excited in me feelings of indignation; but from my knowledge of the European Spaniards in that country, I could not but acknowledge the prejudice of the Colombians was excusable; and finding such prejudice invincible, I yielded the point, fearing to do my old friend injury in place of good.

'Thus stood matters when, on the afternoon of a very sultry day, a well mounted negro horseman rode into camp, requesting to see the commander. He was admitted, and in a few moments an aid-de-camp required my attendance in the General's marquee. The moment I entered, the General himself gave me the following relation, stating 'that a party of the enemy under command of an officer, a deserter from the republican cause had surprised the castle of a Spanish nobleman, formerly in the service of Columbia, but who had retired from service and was residing on his estate. That a mock trial had been gone through, and the old man was to be executed or murdered next morning. Though,' continued the General, 'I suspect the fidelity of the Spaniard, the cursed Morillo shall be disappointed of blood if in my power. Yourself and troop have been selected as most fitting to lead in a forced march. You shall have good guides, and myself and a select and strong body will move to your support.' Then with that significance of look so remarkable in Paez, he drew me to one side and whispered, 'You will know the true reason of deputing you on this service when I tell you that the murdering deserter is Cyril de Toro, and the old Spaniard—' He

was ready to name Silvano de Tudela, but I heard him not. All ceremony was contemned, and in a few minutes, with the negro and other guides, we were on our march.

'The attempt was in itself perilous, and even desperate. The distance exceeded twenty miles. To me, in such a case, an army of one hundred men would have excited little terror, but four years' service had given me military caution. Though burning with impatience, I checked my own anxiety, and proceeded leisurely, so as to reach the castle of Tudela by day-break. From the negro I learned that he was the slave who on a former occasion had served Tudela, and he now requested it as a favor to march in front, in order, as he said, with terrific fierceness, 'that I may have a chance to reach that monster de Toro.' His desire as to position was gratified; but long before reaching the scene of action, there were seventy men all equally desirous to do the honors of a meeting with de Toro, and though as you will find, the scoundrel met his fate, the blow was reserved for a different hand than that of any of my troop.

'By some negligence very unusual with troops commanded by Morillo, the party at Tudela castle was surprised. Our advance slow until near the gates, was then pushed to a full charge. The enemy roused from their slumbers, and believing the whole Colombian army was on them, fled in confusion. We all knew that our advantage must be momentary. Not an instant was lost. The chains of Silvano could not be removed from his hands, and thus manacled he was mounted between two peculiarly skilful and powerful horsemen, and we were quickly on our retreat. Sebastiano, the negro, actually frothing with rage that he was unable to reach de Toro.

'Our time was indeed precious, as the enemy had rallied, and we must have been destroyed had not the boldness of our attack induced a belief that we were only the advance guard of a superior force. Our opponents consequently moved with saving caution for us, but as day-light became stronger, our real force was discovered, and our pursuers increased their speed—and, with all their circumspection, had a more hair breadth escape from a fatal snare at last, as it was the army of Paez they were approaching.

'That able general had fulfilled his promise to advance to our aid and with the prescience of a true soldier, foresaw the tenor of the issue, and prepared for every advantage that might offer. Having learned our retreat by a horseman despatched for that purpose, and having reached favorable ground, he drew up his troops in battle array, concealing his force as much as possible. In the latter attempt he so completely succeeded as to deceive even myself and troop. We had

just passed a large ravine, when our front was pushed into an interval of the troops of Paez, and our rear fiercely charged by a body of cavalry headed by the sanguinary de Toro.

'Some Indians gave the alarm by firing contrary to orders, or the whole front of Morillo's army must have been cut to pieces; as it was, their loss was very severe. We wheeled and formed, and were on the point of charging de Toro, when a single horseman passed us with the rapidity of an arrow, followed by about forty men, all extremely well mounted, but de Toro was too careful of himself to await the shock, he turned his horse and fled, too swiftly to be overtaken by the fervid Paez, for it was him who headed this unexpected attack.

'The villain shall not always thus escape me,' grumbled Paez, as he rode past us. 'God deliver him into my hands,' muttered Sebastiano.

'The main object of the expedition was accomplished. Silvano had been rescued but age, reiterated misfortunes, and the severe fatigues of the march, in excessively warm weather, proved fatal, and on the day of his release, the singular, the forbidding, but noble and generous de Tudela ended his troubles on my bosom.

'Making the necessary preparations to pay the last sacred office to his remains exposed a leather girdle round his body next the skin, in which was enveloped and fixed to his bosom the to him invaluable watch, and also containing a roll of fine vellum, on which was drawn with every formality his will in my favor. Such was the hurry, the anxiety, and real danger of the time and place in which we were involved, that the obsequies of de Tudela were hurried, and my mind so continually kept on the stretch, that little indulgence could be given to regret for my lost benefactor, or reflections on change of fortune. The great estate of Tudela fell to my possession without contest.

'It was in one of the short intervals of active service, that I was leaning listlessly against a tree, my troop variously employed on the margin of an immense savannah, the sun was near setting as lieutenant McCauley came behind me, and tapping me on the shoulder, demanded whether I was reflecting on the emblem of eternity before me, or thinking of my airy Spright of Warbridge?

'It could not be otherwise, that thrown together amongst foreigners, McCauley and myself should seek each others society, but our intercourse had all the essentials of friendship. There was in his eye an expression of care, but in his manner cheerfulness. Of his family or the causes why at so early an age he should become an exile from his own and confront danger in another country, he was from our first acquaintance silent.

'On my part one object took precedence, and when fully convinced of his attachment to my interest, and perhaps before, there was nothing secret from McCauley, who on some occasions rallied me rather unmercifully on the subject of my half imaginary goddess, or Bellona. On the occasion I have this moment mentioned, the words 'Spright of Warbridge,' produced a start, which I endeavored to hide, by observing, 'McCauley, I am reflecting that enough has been done for a country where there is more faction than patriotism.'

'And time to return to see the old lady you left a child at Warbridge;' smilingly replied my tormentor—'In seriousness, Capt. Burleigh, how many years have passed since you have seen this peerless Juliana?'

'Upwards of eight,' I rather feebly, replied. 'Yes, upwards of nine,' briskly retorted McCauley, 'if your hundred fold statements are correct.'

'My feelings were awakened to more than usual retrospection, and where our colloquy would have led us there is no knowing; but where such men as Paez and Morillo were opposed, there was little repose, and a trumpet broke our conference and called us to horse. We were soon in slow and silent march, frequently halted, and then led forwards. Paez had formed a plan of surprise on a much larger body of the enemy, and partially succeeded, but the force against him was too great for his means, and he alone could have extricated us out of the peril.'

'The action was very fierce; my horse was shot under me, and both fell severely wounded. My troop, with McCauley, rushed with desperate fury to my rescue, but were on the point of yielding to superior numbers and equal bravery, when we were relieved by Paez, who at the head of a body of Colombians swept over the plain like a whirlwind, struck the flank of the enemy, and produced irremediable disorder. One object, however, engrossed Paez; it was the superior officer of the enemy: him the dreadful horseman singled, and pierced with a force I could have thought no human being could have exerted. The transfixed officer fell from the murderous lance almost on my feet. I had to a miracle escaped under the feet of friends and enemies. I was in fact rather bruised than dangerously wounded, and immediately recognized the deadly features of my fallen enemy, Cyril de Toro.'

Though not vitally wounded, I was unable to rise, and struggling amid dead and dying horses and men, when McCauley, throwing himself from his horse, clasped me in his arms. I attempted to speak, and apprise him of his rash unmilitary conduct; he heard me not, convulsively exclaimed,

'Military honor a curse upon the murderers of my'—

The voice failed, but a flash of light seemed to dart through my brain, as I beheld the streaming eyes of my friend, and ejaculated, 'Juliana Stanwood.'

'The excitement was too powerful, she sunk beside me, for it was indeed the sublime Juliana. The enemy was defeated, and we were both borne carefully by one man from the field, and when my senses returned, I found myself on a field bed, with a surgeon attending to my wound, and Gen. Paez earnestly inquiring into their condition. Finding me only bruised, the general congratulated me on my conduct and escape, addressing me by the title of Col. There was a more engrossing subject on my mind than promotion, and I requested a few moments in private with the General. The surgeon withdrew, and I related the extraordinary circumstances of the day.'

'Having heard my tale with undivided attention, Paez exclaimed, 'Upon my soul, Colonel Burleigh, if you cannot repose confidence in woman no man ever ought. You are now a Colonel, and have gained your epaulets fairly, and you have gained something of infinitely more value. The one, no man in this army will dare question your right to possess, but have a care of the other.'

Our military career was terminated, and three months after the battle which disclosed to me the incomparable woman who had so far transcended my heated imagination, she was mistress of Tudela castle.'

Here Colonel Burleigh paused, and so intently had I listened, and hung on his words that I had not heard the light tread of Juliana on her leaving the room. My stare of astonishment, at finding our auditory so abridged, was beheld by the Colonel, who, smiling, observed:

'Poor Juliana, though a heroine, knows that on one topic my figures become high wrought, chose to be one of the missing; when her own merits were to be discussed; and now let us see how the gentle Juliana Stanwood was metamorphosed into the intrepid lieutenant McCauley.'

'Child as she was when George Burleigh was banished from Warbridge, gratitude and resentment combined to preserve his memory. My girl, to many other noble qualities in the superlative, possessed, from her earliest years, that creative enthusiasm which forms its own character, and stamps them with intrinsic attributes at will. Out of the rough material of George Burleigh, she formed a hero, and after following him through perils and advancing manhood, brought him back, rich in honor, to shame his persecutors.'

Elias Lampert, her cousin, sat for the

contrast, and was soon drawn to the life. Nature had given him meanness, dissimulation, avarice and cowardice, and her fancy created incidents upon which such qualities were to be displayed, and she led him on in the tortuous paths of duplicity and dishonesty to wealth and infamy.

'How near the hero George answered to his picture in the mind of Juliana, it is not for me to say; but you will soon learn how faithfully Elias Lampert did justice to the anticipations of his cousin.'

'You are, my dear Bancroft, burning to know how Juliana discovered me without a mutual recognition on my part, but in this, female dress solves the mystery. I have told you already that my attendance in church was regular, and I have mentioned the sylph of Filbert street, she served as my model; but I am now to reveal a secret long unknown to myself—that sylph was Juliana, and the house where she resided, that of her aunt. She recognized me in church, was carried home in extreme agitation. The cause, with peculiar strength of mind, she concealed. By aid of a shrewd domestic she learned my residence, and for four years we sat in adjacent pews and joined in the same orisons. Would it be superstition to say that her pure spirit then inflamed mine? I hope not. An undefined delicacy prevented her from making herself known to me; but imperative circumstances were on the point of forcing her to that step, when the unforeseen change of fortune occurred which I have related.'

'The man on earth she detested most, her cousin Elias, fell in love with Stanwood house, and thirty thousand dollars. Elias had no feelings to wound—he over looked the contempt and aversion of Juliana, and aided by her relations persevered. Of her Maryland relations she was rendered, however, independent, in her eighteenth year, by the death of her aunt.'

'Her mother had been dead two years, and her father espousing the pretensions of Lampert, her paternal home was avoided from the moment of independence. The father and his daughter had no open contention, but they were estranged. In spite of all the seclusion in which we lived, the general tenor of the connexion between myself and Silvano became known to some families in the immediate neighborhood. The departure and destination of the watchmaker and his son, as many were kind enough to hint, could not be concealed. It was communicated to Juliana, who now formed and executed a plan which put my poor fidelity to the test, and left her relations to inextricable conjecture.'

'As we found afterwards, her father was no more at the moment of her disappearance. He had died suddenly at Warbridge, leaving his daughter his sole heiress, and in case of

her death without heirs, his whole property was to fall to Elias Lampert. The character of that hopeful relative had been so developed as to expose him to violent suspicions, when Juliana vanished from Philadelphia. But Elias was proof against every thing but the letter of the law, and was on our return hotly engaged in a lawsuit as heir at law and by will to the estate of Elias Stanwood. Another cousin contested the will, and the other inhabitants of the world did not entirely agree with her cousin that death had certainly made a prey of Juliana.

Our return cleared all difficulties and saved heirs, and lawyers much contention. Juliana now reigns queen in the house of her father. Sebastiano I would have bro't to the United States, but he preferred remaining with his family—I need not tell you they are free and provided for. Old Ben Winter is our steward, overseer, and friend I am proud to say.

'You fine white house you see on the Virginia side of the Potomac is the residence of our beloved cousin and my old rival, Elias Lampert. You see that by the aid of good glasses we can dispense with visiting, a formality that we have in fact entirely omitted ever since a call on his part was received as it deserved.'

MARK BANCROFT.

BIOGRAPHY.

Susanna Wright.

THE following tribute of respect, was offered, more than eighteen years ago by one grave matron to another, much her senior. The writer has long since paid the debt of nature, and received the 'generous tears she gave.' In this sketch there is no parade of learning, no careful arrangement of facts, but a plain, straight-forward notice of her friend. Such memorials are invaluable; they carry, in themselves, evidence of their justness, they are the true elements of biography and history, and grow fresher by the lapse of time.

As it has always appeared to me a duty, which the living owe to each other, as well as to the dead, to rescue merit from descending into immediate oblivion, I have endeavored to trace the following notices of a lady, who, though she was well known, and generally esteemed, by the most eminent characters in the State of Pennsylvania, whilst she lived, yet nothing, I believe, respecting her, has ever appeared in print. What I now offer is from recollection alone; but my opportunities for information were such, as to enable me to give those recollections with certainty.

Susanna Wright was the daughter of John Wright, Esq. a very intelligent and upright man and one of the first settlers in Lancaster county; she came over with her parents from

Warrington, in Great Britain, in 1714, being then about seventeen. She had received a good education, and having an excellent understanding, she assiduously cultivated her fine talents, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her situation. Her parents first settled at Chester, but a short time afterwards removed to the banks of the Susquehanna, then a most remote frontier settlement, in the midst of Indians, subject to all the inconveniences, labors, privations, and dangers of an infant establishment. Here she exerted herself continually for the good of her family and the benefit of her neighbors; nor did she ever quit this retirement, for the more improved society of Philadelphia, but twice, when the danger of their situation, from an Indian war, rendered this removal necessary for their safety. She never married; but after the death of her father, became the head of her own family, who looked up to her for advice and direction as to a parent; for her heart was replete with every kind of affection, and with all the social virtues. She was well acquainted with books, had an excellent memory, as well as a most clear and comprehensive judgment; she spoke and wrote the French language with great ease and fluency; she had also a knowledge of Latin, and of Italian, and had made considerable attainments in many of the sciences. Her letters, written to her friends, were deservedly esteemed for their ingenuity. She corresponded with James Logan, Isaac Norris, and many other celebrated characters of that period; and so great was the esteem in which she was held by her neighbors, for integrity and judgment, that disputes of considerable interest were frequently left to her sole arbitration, by the parties concerned. Her advice was often desired on occasions of importance, respecting the settlement of estates, and she was often resorted to as a physician by her neighborhood. The care and management of a large family, and of a profitable establishment frequently devolved entirely upon her; and she appeared to be so constantly occupied with the employments usual to her sex and station, that it was surprising how she found time for that acquaintance with polite literature, which her conversation displayed, when she met with persons capable of appreciating it.

She took great delight in domestic manufacture, and had constantly much of it produced in her family. For many years she attended to the rearing of silk worms, and with the silk which she reeled and prepared for herself, made many articles both of beauty and utility, dying the silk of various colors, with indigenous materials.—She had at one time upwards of sixty yards of excellent mantua returned to her from Great

Britain, where she had sent the raw silk to be manufactured. She sometimes amused herself with her pencil, and with little works of fancy; but it was in the productions of her pen that she most excelled. They were deservedly admired whilst she lived, and would abundantly satisfy the world of her merit, could they now be produced; but as she wrote not for fame, she never kept copies, and it is to be feared but little is at this time recoverable. She appears to have been without vanity, and above affectation.

I had the pleasure, when very young of seeing her, and can remember something of the vivacity and spirit of her conversation, which I have since heard some of the best judges of such merit affirm they had seldom known to be equalled.

She lived to be upwards of eighty, preserving her senses and faculties. She had been educated in the religious society of friends, and often in her latter years professed, that she saw the vanity of all attainments that had not for their object the glory of God, and the good of mankind. She died a most humble, pious, sincere Christian.

In her person she was small, and had never been handsome, but had a penetrating, sensible countenance, and was truly polite and courteous in her address and behavior. Her brother, James Wright, was for many years a Representative for Lancaster county, in the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and was deservedly esteemed by his fellow-citizens. His descendants still possess the estate where his ancestors settled, upon which they have recently founded the flourishing town of Columbia.

MISCELLANY.

From the Portland Magazine.

The Dying Girl.

'Elle était du monde on les plus belles choses
Out le pire destin.

'Etelle, elle a dure ce que durent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.'

'OPEN the window,' said the dying girl, 'That I may feel the wind on my forehead for the last time for ever—raise me up, that I may look upon the sun once more before I die.' As she requested, I placed my arm under her head, and raised it from the pillow. How beautiful was her pale face, lying there so helplessly, with her large bright eyes turned up to the sun like a worshipper, the black hair sweeping over her arm to the pillow, and the golden light lying upon her thin features, imbuing them as it were with glory and vitality, till the whole form seemed consumed in a bright essence, burning intensely within, and radiating without. Her eyes grew brighter as she gazed, and she seemed refreshed with the soft wind stirring about her, 'How brightly and quietly,' she whis-

pered, 'does he go to his rest, melting away, tint by tint, from the sight!' Then turning her head wearily away, she sunk to the pillow, murmuring, 'O, that my departure may be like that—may I sink to my death calmly and painlessly, by leaving behind me the bright reflections of a brief existence.'

For a few moments she languidly closed her eyes and remained motionless; then opening them again, she gazed in my face and said—'Death, death—if this is it, it is neither sad nor painful—it is only going home to meet parents, sisters, friends, in a glorious world, a region of spirits, bright, high, beautiful, how—' here her voice again died away in a soft murmuring sound. She gathered strength a moment and continued, 'My brother, he is in a strange land, how will he grieve when he hears that I am dead—tell him that I prayed for him, that I shall meet him in the eternal world of glory, where we shall live for ever and ever—when I am gone, give him one of these'—and she attempted to raise her slender hand to the hair lying in a mass upon the pillow. But the almost transparent fingers wandered for a moment in the air, and then fell feebly over the bed side. Her lips moved again. 'It is all fading, floating,' she said; 'how gloriously the angels throngs above me, smiling, beckoning, with wings so beautiful—nearer they hover, settling on my pillow—softly, softly, they—' A heavenly smile broke upon her face, her voice grew fainter, then stopped like a tone of smothered music. The features settled, a shiver ran over her frame, and all was over. Her spirit had gone to congregate with angels in happiness. I laid my hand on that forehead—it was growing fearfully cold. My heart cramped; the strength of my manhood gave way; I sunk to my knees and wept bitterly.

Again I stood beside her, when her friends had done their office of love.—Outstretched in her shroud of pure linen she lay, her stiffened hands confined over her bosom with a knot of white ribbin, and the dark lashes lying, so like sleep, on her marble cheeks. That smile was there, like starlight on a crusted snow—it was buried with her.

As she had requested, I took a long curl from her head—that head on which I had so often tossed flowers in childish play. I stood gazing on the corpse, till a strange mysterious feeling of another world crept over me—I felt as if a dark spirit was overshadowing me. Awestruck, I held up the ringlet and gazed upon it. No touch of death was there. Bright and beautiful as ever, it streamed from my hand. I looked till it seemed to grow alive in my grasp. Again I turned to the dead, and the wandering of my soul ceased. I knelt down and prayed fervently that my deathbed might be like hers.

I enclosed the hair in a purse Louisa had worked during her illness, and gave it to her brother, he who afterwards raised the white slab over her grave, with the inscription of 'My Sister.'

The True use of Riches.

The editor of the *Star* ever and anon strikes off, in that free and easy style which is peculiar to him, sketches of manners and society, which evince a perfect *savoir vivre*, and an admirable knowledge of the world and its usages. We always make a point to reproduce these scenes of real life in the columns of the *Mirror*, as they are pervaded by a spirit of mild humor and cordiality toward the writer's fellow-men, and their observance would have a useful effect upon morals and manners. The subjoined is as pertinent and applicable as any of the Horatian satires and epistles on the same subject:—*N. Y. Mirror*.

'WHY am I not a rich man?' said a very intelligent person to us, while looking at a splendid equipage which rattled down Broadway. It was the equipage of a man of wealth—a man of yesterday; a *parvenu*, in the more fashionable phrase, who made a fortune suddenly by buying farms and selling them out in lots, and who was determined, by the splendor of his house, the magnificence of his entertainments, the riches and variety of his liveries, his loud talk, and consequential air, to show that he did not belong to the quiet families of some hundred years of distinction and wealth, who never offend by ostentation, nor exhibit a heraldry to which they are not entitled. We gazed at several of similar growth—that riches which sprung up overnight like Jonah's gourd; some by speculation, others by succession; some by fortunate marriages, and some more creditably by mechanical labor and ingenuity. 'Why am I not a rich man?' said my friend. 'I must purchase land somewhere in the west—or in the moon—no matter where; I must plunge in the current of speculation, and swim on to fortune and eminence. I must be rich; every body tries to be rich, why shall I not be rich? I am liberal in my disposition, hospitable, and free. I should like to have such a coach and pair—a house of corresponding magnificence. I should like to throw it open several times yearly, for the gay and fashionable throng; I should like you to dine twice a week with me, and punish a few bottles of old, very old Madeira. Why am I not rich? I deserve to be rich; I must be rich,' said he, musing, and at intervals dropping his voice, as he slowly withdrew his eyes from the long cavalcade of coaches and phaetons, and whiskered footmen.

'Hundreds, no doubt, thought as he did; hundreds expressed the same feelings, and felt the same desires, and all under the delusion that money is wealth—that sheer, palpable gold and silver constitute riches; and it is under this delusion that thousands of our citizens are racking their brains by night, their thoughts by day, toiling and sweating, and managing, and twisting, and turning out

of the common, settled and regular order of things, to get gold and silver, under the impression that with their possession they will be rich. Statesmen, politicians, nay, the government itself, is inoculated with the same mania, and if all could succeed, we should be compelled to blacken our own boots, and wait upon ourselves at table. The delusion, however, consists in this—in considering a piece of gold the ONLY representative of wealth, and disregarding what we in ourselves possess, which is an equivalent to wealth. We are for the most part rich, without exactly knowing it. The anvil of a blacksmith is to him, with his handicraft, a valuable mighty lump of gold: he lives by it and to his mind, habits, and wishes, as well as he lives, who pays out his eagles and half-eagles in the market. So with the painter—so with the professional man, the sculptor, the musician, the man of talent; all who possess the MEANS of acquiring wealth are actually wealthy; for, if temperate and industrious, all their faculties are controvertible materials into wealth; nay, are more valuable, and durable, and available, than the mere man of gold and silver. Let such a man swim to the shore from his shipwrecked vessel, with the mechanic and the man of mind, and see who can succeed in earning that morsel of bread necessary to sustain life. What does the man of princely income do, which gives to him so many supposed advantages, and opens the door to so much mooted happiness? He rises late; turns day into night; dawdles his time away in trifling finikin employments; drives his horses and dogs; gives grand dinners for ostentation, and large parties for fashion; and is at best a poor, discontented, dyspeptic patrician, respected only for his gold and silver, and of no possible use to the community.

'Take the man of moderate means, and he employs life as life ought to be employed: a mixture of employment and recreation, of rational pleasure and discreet hospitality; go down to what is called the poorer classes, but which we call the substantially rich—the hardy mechanic, and see how he enjoys life.—Rising with the sun, his labor does not cease until the sun sinks into the west. He returns to his little family and snug tenement at night, and finds an ample board spread by a frugal wife: the smoking steak, the good cup of coffee, the white bread and butter, and an appetite sharpened by labor. His repast over, he takes his chubby boy upon his knee, pinches his dirty, rosy cheeks, and runs his fingers through his matted hair; talks with his wife on household affairs; reads the paper, or converses with his neighbor on the best means of saving the commonwealth: and when the hour of rest arrives, he stretches himself on his hard but healthy bed, and

soon his senses are steeped into forgetfulness and his sleep is sweet and sound, until the shrill clarion of the cock awakens him on the morrow to renewed labor. But then he has no coach. Has he not? He has only to go into the street and hold up his finger, and a splendid omnibus and four horses drives up to the sidewalk, and he jumps in: it is his coach while he occupies it, and he leaves it when and where he pleases. Can the man of gold and silver do more? It is all an error, a misconception, a delusion. We are all rich when we possess within ourselves the means of acquiring wealth. We have no poor, excepting the idler and the drunkard.

Necessity of being well informed.

THE young are apt to disregard the value of knowledge, partly we fear, from the pertinacious constancy with which teachers, parents, and guardians, endeavor to impress them with inestimable worth. 'Knowledge is better than house and lands' is the title of one of the first picture books presented to a child, and it is the substance of ten thousand precepts which are constantly dinned in his ears from infancy upwards; so that, at last, the truth becomes tiresome and almost detested. Still it is a sober truth, of which every young man should feel the force—that with the single exception of a good conscience, no possession can be so valuable as a good stock of information. Some portion of it is always coming into use; and there is hardly any kind of information which may not become useful in the course of an active life. When we speak of information, we do not mean that merely which has direct reference to a man's trade, profession or business. To be skillful in these is a matter of absolute necessity; so much so, that we often see, for example, a merchant beginning the world with no other stock than a good character and a thorough knowledge of business, and speedily acquiring wealth and respectability, while another who is not well informed in his business, begins with a fortune, fails in every thing he undertakes, causes loss and disgrace to all who are connected with him, and goes on blundering to the end of the chapter. But a thorough knowledge of one's business or profession is not enough, of itself, to constitute what is properly called a well informed man. On the contrary one who possesses this kind of information only, is generally regarded as a sort of machine, unfit for society or rational enjoyment. A man should possess a certain amount of liberal and scientific information, to which he should always be adding something as long as he lives, and in this free country he should make himself acquainted with his own political and regal right. 'Keep a thing seven years and you will have use for it,' is an old motto which will apply admirably well to almost

any branch of knowledge. Learn almost any science, language or art, and in a few years you will find it of service to you. This truth is so important that I would add to it by way of commentary, 'employ that leisure, which others waste in idle and corrupting pursuits, in the acquisition of those branches of knowledge which serve to amuse as well as to instruct, natural history, for example, or chemistry, or astronomy, or drawing, or any of the numerous branches of study.'

Reward of Relative Duty.

'Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise.'

The following story, from an old periodical journal, is too good to pass into oblivion:

AN old chaffonier (or rag-picker) died at Paris in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who was a servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted him as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of being married to a journeyman baker, to whom she had long been attached.—The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery, to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young good looking man, entered. 'So, my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place,' cried he; 'I am come to offer you one for life: Will you marry me?' 'I sir? you are joking.' 'No, faith, I want a wife, and am sure I can't find a better.' 'But every body will laugh at you for marrying such a poor girl like me.'—Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it: come, come with me my mother is prepared to see you.' Suzette hesitated no longer—but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had kept for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he was determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed.—As Suzette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out flew a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis

concealed in the body of the cat! and this sum, which the old man starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

Extract of a 'Father's Confession,' from Frazer's Magazine.

Being in Debt.

BELIEVE me, my son, that of all the kinds of tyranny by which the spirit of man is bowed down and crushed, and all his energies, moral and physical are paralyzed and withered, there is none so active in its oppression, and so bitter in its torture, as that which a creditor exercises over his debtor. It is a tyranny which can even quell the springing elasticity of youth's sanguine ambition. Observe, too, that its existence does not depend merely upon the disposition or acts of the master. The latter may be the mildest and most long suffering man upon earth: and, so far from endeavoring roughly to enforce his claims, may even refrain from asserting them. Still by the very nature of the relation which subsists between the parties, is the debtor reduced to the condition of his bondsman, or serf, for the real intensity of the tyranny consists in this—that the creditor has ever in his service an officious and indefatigable agent, who acts not only without his orders, but often in spite of his expressed wishes, and that agent is the memory of the indebted party. The master may be willing to give time to his slave—he may even desire him not to be disquieted by the apprehension of violence; but can the latter forget the existence of an obligation which may be forced upon his memory by the slightest circumstance of the passing moment? Can he forget too, that however humane his present lord may be, his rights, and claims may, after his death, pass to another of an imperious and violent temper. Such are some of the considerations which make the existence of a debt, without any other aggravating circumstances, in itself a tyranny of the most loathsome description. The parish pauper, despicable as his lot may appear, enjoys a higher degree of liberty and independence than the man who has put it into the power of another to come up to you and say, 'pay me that thou owest.' Think not that my description is overcharged. The fool and the profligate would laugh at the picture which I have displayed to you—the one, owing to his mental infirmity, not being able to understand true liberty—the other from the baseness of his nature, being dead to the degradation of servitude. But the man of an ingenuous and sensitive disposition, will readily allow that there are fetters for the mind as well as the body; and that, in order to be apprised of a subjection to bondage, it is not necessary that one should actually hear the clank of the iron chain.

Another circumstance which tends to make

the debtors' constraint still more intolerable, is, that in most cases the infliction of it is either occasioned or expedited by his own weakness or folly. A weak submission to the imperious yet trifling mandates of fashion, a vain competition in the race of extravagance with more wealthy compeers, and a shameful compliance with the suggestions of unhealthy and artificial appetites—these are some of the principal causes which, sometimes separately, but more frequently in close league together, entangle the young man in the toils of debt.

SENTIMENT.—There is a most noble sentiment in the play of Pizarro—when the sentinel who had refused a bribe, is vanquished by his own feelings and allows Rolla to enter into the cell of Alonzo. Oh! holy nature, thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest or the air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined, of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the signet's down, and o'er her unfledged brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.

Force of Habit.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

On a late cold night, my family and I were enjoying the comforts of a good fire, with a few friends, when during a social conversation, on the subject of habit, an old lady related the following circumstance:—

Shortly after the old French war, my father, who had then recently been married, purchased a considerable tract of wild uncultivated land in the county of Dutchess, not far from where the village of Poughkeepsie now lies. He knocked up a log hut, and went to felling trees and clearing the land. He was a very sober man; but he toiled excessively hard, and began to think a little spirits could do him no harm, when he was chopping. He therefore got him a bottle full, but used it very sparingly and only when he was at work in the woods. In process of time, however, he would take a little bitters in the morning, now and then. Afterwards he must have his bitters every morning. At length, the first thing he thought of in the morning was his bitters; he could not rest in bed till day-light, but must get up earlier and earlier for his bitters. Finding the habit was growing so fast upon him, he began to reflect seriously on the consequences, and at last mustered up all his resolution to overcome it. One morning he got up very early, went to his closet, took out his bottle, gave it a parting look, and dashed it to pieces against a

stone, liquor and all. My mother exclaimed—'Why, what in the world is the matter? Why do you throw your bottle away?' His reply deserves to be recorded in letters of gold: '*I am resolved that liquor shall never get master of me.*' He lived to a good old age: the Lord was his portion; the bible was his constant companion, and he died the death of the righteous. His numerous posterity are now in the possession of the same paternal inheritance, which their ancestor preserved by throwing away the bottle.

Thus we see how important it is to check the growth of evil habits before they get the mastery.

ONE man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another man marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ankle, which after marriage, he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love, which wanes with the honey-moon. A fourth marries for money, and finds that his wife does not chose to die, to complete his satisfaction. And a fifth, being old in wisdom as in years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief. Thousands do wrong because others have done the same before them, upon the grand principles that many blacks make a *white*. Many embrace opinions different from those commonly received, in order to show that they have a mind able to think for itself, and superior to what they call *vulgar prejudices*, without considering whether *erroneous prejudices*, are better than those they have abandoned. All grumble at the unsubstantial nature of worldly enjoyments, and yet many purchase them at the expense of their souls. Hypocrites have a strange taste, neither to enjoy this life nor the next. Many write for religion, speak for it, quarrel for it, fight for it, but few live for it. It is not uncommonly remarked that such a one is 'religious,' by way of reproach, and that too by a Christian, at a tea party of Christians. Millions of people are most anxious about what they least require, and, after teasing themselves and others for many a weary day, they die—leave their cash to those who have no need of it—and are for the first time, eulogised, when the praise of man can avail them nothing.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

AN INSINUATION.—The late Dr. Bushby, when chaplain to the forces quartered at Dover, England, was one afternoon delivering a discourse from the eighth commandment, in which he animadverted on the sad consequences of stealing. 'It is,' said he, 'such an ungentlemanly, beggarly thing for a soldier to steal. Not, my beloved brethren, that I would tax any of you with the commis-

sion of so foul a sin. No, heaven forbid it, though I have lost a pair of boots and several other things since the regiment was stationed on the heights!'

A PREACHER was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been usually plain. 'Ah! Eliza,' said he, 'you should not waste your precious time curling your hair: if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you.' 'Indeed,' said the witty maid, 'I must differ with you. When I was an infant, he curled it for me, but now I am grown up he thinks I am able to do it myself.'

HENRY the 8th appointed Sir Thomas More to carry an angry expression to the king of France, Francis the 1st. Sir Thomas told him he feared, that if he carried so violent a message to so violent a king, it might cost him his head.

'Never fear,' said the king, 'if Francis cuts off your head, I will make every Frenchman in London a head shorter.'

'I am obliged to your Majesty,' replied Sir Thomas, 'but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders.'

THE REASON WHY.—A youth had asked permission of his mother to go to a ball.—She told him it was a bad place for little boys; 'why mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you were young?' 'Yes, but we have seen the folly of it,' said the mother. 'Well, mother,' said the son, 'I want to see the folly of it too!'

PUNNING.—In speaking of the balloon ascent of the duke of Brunswick and Mrs. Graham, during which both fell to the ground from the height of several feet, a wag, remarked that after the very 'high words' that passed between his grace and Mrs. G. it was not at all surprising they should 'fall out.'

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

C. S. W. Catskill, N. Y. \$5.00; H. L. S. Wetumpka, Al. \$1.00; C. W. A. Pontiac, Mich. \$3.00; H. H. Oakville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. S. Shrewsbury, Vt. \$1.00; E. G. O. Cannonsville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. New-Lebanon, N. Y. \$5.00; A. E. O. East Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. O. M. Proctorsville, Vt. \$1.00; P. L. Weymouth, Ms. \$1.00.

MARRIED,

In Hillsdale, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. H. Truesdell, Mr G. R. Lawrence, of Buffalo, to Miss Julia, daughter of Re-dine Latting, Esq. of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on the 9th inst. Wager H. Remington, of the firm of Nash & Remington, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 4th inst. Sarah Jane, daughter of Samuel N. & Clarissa Blake, in the 6th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mr. William G. Cook, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. Andrew Lovejoy, in his 78 year.

At the residence of his son, L. W. Ten Broeck, Esq. in Livingston, on the morning of the 11th inst. Leonard Ten Broeck, in the 85th year of his age.

At Kinderhook, on the 8th inst. Mr. John Van Vleck, son of the late Peter Van Vleck, aged about 36 years.



SELECT POETRY.

From the American Monthly Magazine.
The Goldfinch and the Nightingale.

A FABLE.

From the German of Gellert.

Two cages neat hung high before
My neighbor Damon's cottage door;
In one a Goldfinch silent swung,
A Nightingale in t'other sung.
—His little son, delighted, heard
The warbling of the tuneful bird;
Then eager to his parent hied,
And thus imploringly he cried;
'Show me which is the minstrel dear,
Whose voice so mellow is, and clear?'

The father, anxious to impart
A pleasure to the prattler's heart.
Brought in the cages from the door,
And placed them both the boy before;
Then turning, said—'Decide, I pray,
Which bird so sweetly trilled the lay?'

The lad both birds a moment eyed,
Then pointing to the Goldfinch, cried—
'This, surely, is the lovely fellow;
Behold his plumage, bright and yellow!
This is the pretty songster, sure,
Whose tones the charmed ear allure!
The other's looks show that his throat
Could never sound a pleasing note!'

Alas, how frequently we find
Appearances deceive mankind!
By handsome garb and form we're won
To deem a dunce a Solomon;
While shabby dress leads us at once
To think e'en Solomon a dunce! U. U.

The loved One that sleeps far away.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

WHEN the golden sun sinks to his rest,
And the night breeze around us is springing;
When the white tombs in moonlight are drest,
And the sweet bird of sorrow is singing;
Sad fancy beguiles me to stray
To the loved one, that sleeps far away.

No friend ever wept o'er the sod,
Where thine ashes, my brother! are lying;
No footsteps of kindred have trod
On the green sward that pillowed thee dying;
No holy lips prayed o'er the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Albuera! thou field of the dead!
Dark, dark is the page of thy story:
More tears at thy shrine, have been shed,
Than e'er washed the red laurels of glory!
They were martyrs that fell on that day
With the loved one, that sleeps far away.

They dug him a grave—his own hands—
And slowly and tenderly bore him,
As if in woman's soft hands;
And the tears of the heroes fell o'er him,
As they laid the last sod on the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Oh! when I last stood in the room,
Where his sweet voice so often had sounded,

And saw the bright sunshine illumine
Those woods, where in boyhood he bounded,
I wept, though all faces looked gay,
For the loved one, that sleeps far away.

For freshly he rose to my view,—
Our beautiful, brave, and light-hearted;
With those smiles that a talisman threw
Over lips, that now are departed—
Fond bosoms, since gone to decay,
Like the loved one, that sleeps far away.

From a Volume of Poetry by Emily Taylor.

TAY—and perhaps thou may'st not err
To sound the depths of ocean caves,
Where, long and late the mariner
Impels his bark o'er unknown waves,
But think not with thine utmost art
To fathom all thy brother's heart.

There is an evil, and a good,
In every soul unknown to thee—
A darker or a brighter mood,
Than aught thine eye can ever see;
Words, actions, faintly mark the whole
That lies within a human soul.

Perhaps thy sterner mind condemns
Some brother mind, that reasoning less
The tide of error slowly stems
In pain in love in weariness,
Thou call'st him weak; he may be so;—
What made him weak thou canst not know.

Perhaps thy spirit's calm repose
No evil dream hath come to spoil,
A firm resistless, front it shows
Amid the passions' fiercest broil!
'Tis well—enjoy and bless thy lot,
Still pitying him who shares it not.

The pure, the holy—they, perchance,
About thy path have still been seen;
Nor could thy feet a step advance,
But there their pious aid hath been!
Ah! happy in that better state!
Yet pray for hearts more desolate.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

The Mountain Stream.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Now murmuring in thy beauty forth,
Oh! holy mountain stream,
Thou glidest onward to the sea,
Like the magic of a dream;
And strangely do thy bright waves kiss
The wild flowers by thy side,
As onward, onward to the deep,
Thy magic waters glide.

Whence art thou? Oh! thou mountain stream,
With thy deep swelling tone;
Hast thou by ancient battle field,
Or gorgeous palace flown?
Bear'st thou no sounds of fairy glee,
In thy mysterious voice,
To bid the worn and weary heart,
Of wretched man rejoice?

Whence art thou? hath thy waters flown
By the red warrior's path,
That thou shouldst speed thus madly on
With moaning sounds of wrath?
Do thy proud waves by stately pomp,
Or royal splendor glide?
Hast thou flown on from realm to realm,
Oh! swiftly rolling tide?

No! bursting from thy caverned source,
With a wild witching spell,
Thou glidest onward to the sea,
Thy tale of joy to tell;
And deeply, purely, clearly bright,
Thy mystic waters seem;
Thou'rt mighty, with thy warning voice,
Oh! holy mountain stream.

From the New-York Mirror.

Summer Flowers.

YE'RE withered all and passed away,
Both leaf and flower;
Gone from the garden and the grove,
Passed from the bower—
Sweet nurslings of the summer's breath,
And summer's dew,
Ye waited but for her farewell,
Then left us too.

No longer with the opening morn,
In field or vale,
Will ye send forth your perfumed breath
On the soft gale,
Or lift your tiny cups and leaves,
Gemmaed richly o'er,
In gentle homage, to the skies,
Whose hues ye bore.

No longer your mute eloquence
And language sweet,
Convey soft meanings to the heart
It came to greet;
Ye mind us of the many hopes
We've loved to cherish,
Like you to cheer us for awhile,
Like you to perish,

Yet, may we see your like again,
Again to sever;
But will those meteors to our path
Return?—Ah never!

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